

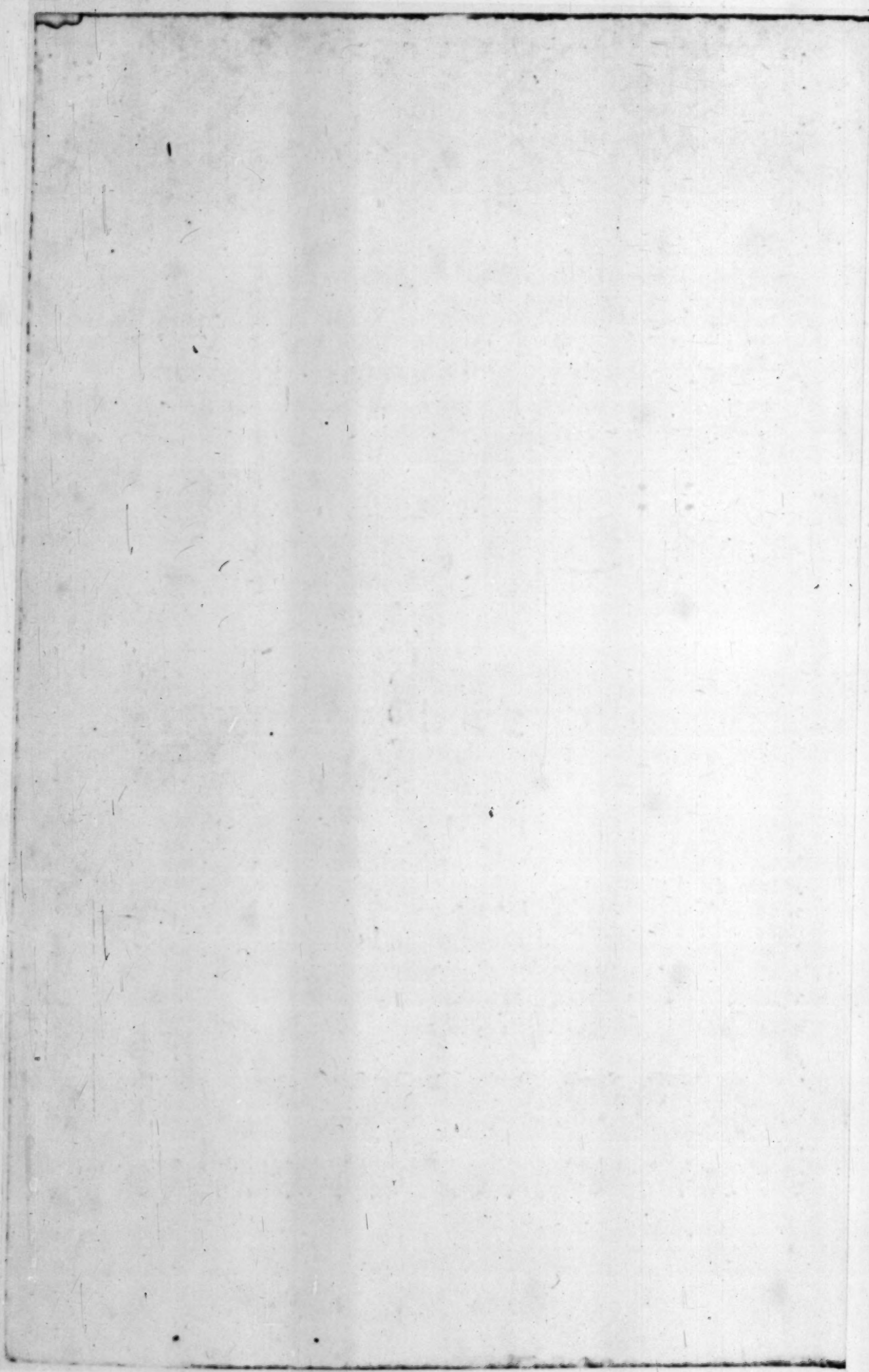
# MIDAS.

PLAIED BEFORE  
THE QUEENES MAIESTIE  
VPON TWELFE DAY AT  
night, By the Children  
of Paules.



LONDON  
Printed by *Thomas Scarlet* for I.B.  
and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard at  
the signe of the Bible.

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## THE PROLOGVE IN PAVLES.



*Entlemen, so nice is the world, that for apparrel there is no fashion, for Musick no instrument, for diet no delicate, for playes no inuention but breedeth facietie before noone, and contempt before night.*

*Come to the Tayler, hee is gone to the Paynters, to learne howe more cunning may lurke in the fashion, then can bee exprest in the making. Aske the Musicians, they will say their heads ake with deuising notes beyonde Ela. Enquire at Ordinaries, there must be sallets for the Italian; picktooths for the Spaniard; pots for the German; porridge for the Englishman. At our exercises, Souldiers call for Tragedies, their obiect is bloud: Courtiers for Commedies, their subiect is loue: Countriemen for Pastorales, Shepheards are their Saintes. Trafficke and trauell hath wouen the nature of all Nations into ours, and made this land like Arras, full of deuise, which was Broade-cloth, full of workmanship.*

*Time hath confounded our mindes, our mindes the matter, but all commeth to this passe, that what heretofore hath*



### The Prologue.

beene serued in seuerall dishes for a feaste, is now minced in a charger for a Gallimaufrey. If wee present a mingle-mangle, our fault is to be excused, because the whole worlde is become an Hodge-podge.

Wee are ielous of your iudgementes, because you are wise; of our owne performance, because we are vnperfect; of our Authors deuice, because he is iale. Onelie this doeth encourage vs, that presenting our studies before Gentlemen, though they receiue an inward mislike, wee shall not be hist with an open disgrace.

*Stirps rudis vrtica est: stirps generosa, rosa.*





## Actus primus. Scæna prima.

*Bacchus, Mydas, Eristus, Martins.*

*Bacchus*



Idas, where the Gods bestowe benefits they aske thanks, but where they receiue good turns they giue rewards. Thou hast filled my belly with meate, mine eares with musicke, mine eyes with wonders. *Bacchus* of all the Gods is the best fellow, and *Midas* amongst men a king of fellows. All thy grounds are vineyards, thy corne grapes, thy chambers sellers, thy household stuffe standing cuppes: and therefore aske any thing it shalbe graunted. Wouldest thou haue the pipes of thy conducts to run wine, the vdders of thy beasts to drop nectar, or thy trees to bud ambrosia? Desirest thou to be fortunate in thy loue, or in thy victories famous, or to haue the yeres of thy life as many as the haire on thy head? Nothing shalbe denied, so great is *Bacchus*, so happie is *Midas*.

*Myd.* Bacchus, for a king to begge of a God it is no shame, but to aske with aduise, wisdom; geue me leaue to consult: least desiring things aboue my reach, I be fiered with Phaeton: or against nature, & be drowned with Icarus: & so perishing, the world shal both laugh and wonder, crying, *Magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

*Bac.* Consult, Bacchus will consent.

*Mid.* Now my Lords, let me heare your opinions, what wish may make Mydas most happie, and his Subjects best content?

*Erist.* Were I a king I would wish to possesse my mistress, for what sweetnes can there be found in life, but loue? whose wounds the more mortall they are to the heart, the more immortal they make the possessors: and

A

who



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who knoweth not that the possessing of that must bee most pretious, the pursuing whereof is so pleasing.

*Mar.* Loue is a pastime for children, breeding nothing but follie, and nourishing nothing but idlenes. I would wish to be monarch of the world, conquering kingdomes like villages, and being greatest on the earth be commaunder of the whole earth: for what is there that more tickles the mind of a king, then a hope to bee the only king, wringing out of euery countrie tribute, and in his owne to sit in triumph. Those that call conquerors ambitious, are like those that teaine thrift couetousnes, clenlines pride, honestie precisenes. Commaund the world, *Midas*, a greater thing you cannot desire, a lesse you should not.

*Myd.* What say you *Mellacrites*?

*Mel.* Nothing, but that these two haue said nothing. I would wish that euery thing I touched might turne to gold: this is the sinewes of warre, and the sweetnesse of peace. Is it not gold that maketh the chastest to yeeld to lust, the honestest to lewdnes, the wisest to follie, the faithfullest to deceit, and the most holy in heart, to be most hollow of hart? In this word Gold are all the powers of the gods, the desires of men, the woonders of the worlde, the miracles of nature, the losenes of fortune and triumphs of time. By gold may you shake the courts of other Princes, and haue your own settled, one spade of gold vndermines faster then an hundred mattocks of steele. Would one be thought religious & deuout? *Quantum quisque sua nummorum seruât in arca, tantum habet & fidei*: Religions ballance are golden bags. Desire you vertue? *querenda pecunia primum est, virtus post nummos*: the first staire of vertue is money. Doeth anie thirst after gentrie, and wish to be esteemed beautiful?



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tiful: & *genus & formam regina pecunia donat*: king Coin hath a mint to stamp gentlemen, and art to make amiable. I denie not but loue is sweet, and the marrow of a mans minde, that to conquere kings is the quintessence of the thoughts of kings: why then follow both, *Aurea sunt uera nunc sacula, plurimus auro venit honos, auro conciliatur amor*: it is a world for gold, honor and loue are both taken vp on interest. Doth *Midas* determine to tempt the mindes of true Subiectes? to drawe them from obedience to trecherie, from their allegiance and othes to treason and periurie? *quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames?* what holes doth not gold bore in mens hearts? Such vertue is there in golde, that being bred in the barrennest ground, and troden vnder foote, it mounteth to sit on Princes heads. With gold *Midas*, or wish not to be *Midas*. In the councel of the gods, was not *Anubis* with his long nose of gold, preferred before *Neptunes*, whose stature was but brasse? And *Esculapius* more honored for his golden beard, then *Apollo* for his sweet harmonie?

*Erist.* To haue gold and not loue, (which cannot be purchast by gold) is to be a slaue to gold.

*Mar.* To possesse mountains of gold, and a mistresse more precious then gold, and not to commaunde the world, is to make *Midas* new prentise to a mint, and Iorneiman to a woman.

*Mel.* To enioy a faire Ladie in loue, and wante faire gold to geue: to haue thousands of people to fight, and no peny to paye, wil make ones mistresse wilde, and his soldiers tame. *Iupiter* was a god, but he knew gold was a greater: and flewe into those grates with his golden winges, where he coulde not enter with his Swanes winges. What staide *Atlas* course with *Hippomachus*?



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an apple of gold; what made the three goddesses strive:  
an apple of gold. If therefore thou make not thy mistress  
a goldfinch, thou mayst chance to find her a wagtaile:  
beleeue me, *Res est ingeniosa dare*. Besides, how many  
gates of cities this golden key hath opened, we may re-  
member of late, and ought to feare hereafter. That  
iron world is worne out, the golden is now come, *Sub*  
*Ioue nunc mundus iussa sequere Iouis*.

*Erist.* Gold is but the guts of the earth.

*Mel.* I had rather haue the earthes guttes, then the  
Moones braines. What is it that gold cannot comānd,  
or hath not conquered? Iustice her selfe, that sitteth  
wimpled about the eyes, doth it not because shee will  
take no gold, but that she would not be seene blushing  
when she takes it: the ballance she holdeth are not to  
weie the right of the cause, but the weight of the bribe:  
she wil put vp her naked sword if thou offer her a gol-  
den scabberd.

*Myd.* Cease you to dispute, I am determined. It is  
gold, *Bacchus*, that *Mydas* desireth, let euery thing that  
*Mydas* toucheth be turned to gold, so shalt thou blesse  
thy guest, and manifest thy godhead. Let it be golde  
*Bacchus*.

*Bac.* *Midas* thy wish cleaueth to thy last word. Take  
vp this stone.

*Myd.* Fortunate *Mydas*. It is gold *Mellacrites*, gold, it  
is gold.

*Mel.* This stick.

*Myd.* Gold *Mellacrites*, my sweet boy al is gold: for  
euer honoured be *Bacchus*, that aboue measure hath  
made *Mydas* fortunate.

*Bac.* If *Mydas* be pleased *Bacchus* is, I will to my tem-  
ple with *Silenus*, for by this time there are many to offer  
vnto



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vnto me sacrifices: *Panam pro munere poscis.*

*Myd.* Come my Lords, I wil with golde paue my court, and deck with gold my turrets, these petty ilands neer to Phrygia shal totter, and other kingdoms be turned topsie turuie: I wil commaund both the affections of men, and the fortunes. Chastitie wil growe cheape where gold is not thought deere. *Celia*, chaste *Celia* shall yeeld. You my Lords shall haue my handes in your houses, turning your brasen gates to fine gold. Thus shal *Mydas* be monarch of the world, the darer of fortune, the commander of loue. Come let vs in.

*Mel.* We follow, desiring that our thoughtes may be touched with thy finger, that they also may become gold.

*Erist.* Wel I feare the euent, because of *Bacchus* last words, *panam pro munere poscis.*

*Myd.* Tush, he is a drunken god, els he woulde not haue geuen so great a gift. Now it is done, I care not for any thing he can doe. *Exeunt.*

Actus. 1. Sce. 2.

*Licio. Petulus.*

*Lit.* **T**Hou seruest *Mellacrites*, and I his daughter, which is the better man?

*Pet.* The Masculin gender is more worthy then the feminine, therefore *Licio* backare.

*Li.* That is when those two genders are at iarre, but when they belong both to one thing, then.

*Pet.* What then?

*Li.* Then they agree like the fiddle and the stick.

*Pet.* *Pulchrè sanè.* Gods blessing on thy blewe nose, but *Licio*, my mistres is a proper woman.



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*Li.* I but thou knowest not her properties.

*Pet.* I care not for her qualiries, so I may embrace her quantitie.

*Li.* Are you so peart?

*Pet.* I and so expert, that I can aswel tel the thoughts of a womans heart by her eyes, as the change of the weather by an almanack.

*Li.* Sir boy you must not be saucie.

*Pet.* No, but faithful and seruicceable.

*Li.* Lock vp your lips or I wil lop them off. But sir-  
rha, for thy better instructions I wil vnfold euery wrin-  
kle of my mistres disposition.

*Pet.* I pray thee doe.

*Li.* But for this time I wil only handle the head and  
purtenance.

*Pet.* Nothing els?

*Li.* Why, wil not that be a long houres work to de-  
scribe, that is almost a whole daies work to dresse?

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Li.* First, she hath a head as round as a tennis ball.

*Pet.* I would my bed were a hazard.

*Li.* Why?

*Pet.* Nothing, but that I would haue her head there  
among other balles.

*Li.* *Video, pro Intelligo.* Then hath she an haukes eye.

*Pet.* O that I were a partridge head.

*Li.* To what end?

*Pet.* That she might tire with her eyes on my coun-  
tenance.

*Li.* Wouldst thou be hanged?

*Pet.* *Scilicet.*

*Li.* Well, she hath the tongue of a Parrat?

*Pet.* Thats a leaden dagger in a veluette sheath, to  
haue



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haue a black tongue in a faire mouth.

*Li.* Tush, it is not for the blacknesse, but for the babbling, for euerie houre she wil crie walk knaue, walke.

*Pet.* Then will I mutter, a rope for Parrat, a rope.

*Li.* So maist thou be hanged, not by the lippes, but by the neck. Then sir hath she a calues tooth.

*Pet.* O monstrous mouth! I would then it had been a sheepes eye, and a neates tongue.

*Li.* It is not for the bignes, but the sweetnes: all her teeth are as sweet as the sweet tooth of a calfe.

*Pet.* Sweetly meant.

*Li.* She hath the cares of a Want.

*Pet.* Doth she want cares?

*Li.* I say the cares of a Want, a Mole, thou dost want wit to vnderstand me. She wil heare though she be neuer so low on the grounde.

*Pet.* Why then if one aske her a question, it is likely she wil hearken to it.

*Li.* Harken thou after that, shee hath the nose of a sowe.

*Pet.* Then belike there she weares her wedding ring.

*Li.* No, she can smel a knaue a mile off.

*Pet.* Let vs go farther *Licio*, she hath both vs in the wind.

*Li.* She hath a bettle brow.

*Pet.* What, is she beetle browed?

*Li.* Thou hast a beetle head, I say the brow of a beetle, a little flie, whose brow is as black as veluet.

*Pet.* What lips hath she?

*Li.* Tush, the lips are no part of the head, only made for a double leafe dore for the mouth.

*Pet.* What is then the chin?

*Li.* That is only the threshold to the dore.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* I perceiue you are driuen to the wall that stands behind the dore, for this is ridiculous: but now you can say no more of the head, begin with the purtenances, for that was your promise.

*Li.* The purtenances, it is impossible to reckon them vp, much lesse to tell the nature of them. Hoods, frontlets, wires, caules, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hairlaces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses, combs, caps, hats, coifes, kerchers, clothes, earerings, borders, crippins, shadowes, spots, and so many other trifles, as both I want the words of arte to name them, time to vter them, and witte to remember them: these be but a few notes.

*Pet.* Notes quoth you, I note one thing.

*Li.* What is that?

*Pet.* That if euerie part require so much as the head, it wil make the richest husband in the world ake at the heart.

*Enter Pipenetta.*

*Li.* But soft here comes *Pipenetta*, what newes?

*Pip.* I would not be in your coats for any thing.

*Li.* Indeed if thou shouldest rigge vp and downe in our iackets, thou wouldst be thought a very tomboy.

*Pi.* I meane I would not be in your cases.

*Pet.* Neither shalt thou *Pipenetta*, for first, they are too little for thy bodie, and then too faire to pull ouer so fowle a skinne.

*Pi.* These boyes be droonk, I would not be in your takings.

*Li.* I thinke so, for we take nothing in our hands but weapons, it is for thee to vse needles and pinnes, a sampler, not a buckler.

*Pi.* Nay then wee shall neuer haue done, I meane I would not be so court as you shalbe.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* Worse and worse. Wee are no chafe (prettie mops,) for Deere we are not, neither red nor fallow, because we are Batchelers, and haue not *cornu copia*, we want heads: Hares we cannot be, because they are male one yere, and the next female, we change not our sex: Badgers we are not, for our legs are one as long as another: and who wil take vs to be Foxes, that stand so nere a goose, and bite not?

*Pi.* Fooles you are, and therefore good game for wise men to hunt: but for knaues I leaue you, for honest wenches to talke of.

*Li.* Nay stay sweet *Pipenetta*, we are but disposed to be merrie.

*Pi.* I maruel how old you wil be before you be disposed to be honest. But this is the matter, my master is gone abroad, and wants his page to wayt on him: my mistresse would rise, and lacks your worshippe to fetch her haire.

*Pet.* Why, is it not on her head?

*Pi.* Me thinks it should, but I meane the haire that she must weare to day.

*Li.* Why, doth she weare any but her owne?

*Pi.* In faith sir no, I am sure it is her owne when shee paies for it. But do you heare the strange newes at the Court?

*Pet.* No, except this be it, to haue ones haire lie all night out of the house from ones head.

*Pi.* Tush, euerie thing that *Mydas* toucheth is gold.

*Pet.* The deuill it is.

*Pi.* Indeed gold is the deuill.

*Li.* Thou art deceiued wench, angels are gold. But is it true?

*Pi.* True? Why the meat that he tutcheth turneth to  
B gold,



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gold, so doth the drinke, so doth his raiment.

*Pet.* I would he would geue me a good boxe on the eare, that I might haue a golden cheek.

*Li.* How happie shal we be if hee woulde but stroke our heads, that we might haue golden haire. But let vs all in, least he lose the vertue of the gift before wee taste the benefit.

*Pi.* If he take a cudgel and that turn to gold, yet beating you with it, you shal only fee the weight of gold.

*Pet.* What difference to be beaten with gold, and to be beaten gold?

*Pi.* As much as to say, drinke before you goe, and goe before you drinke.

*Li.* Come let vs goe, least we drinke of a drie cuppe for our long tarrying.

*Exeunt.*

Actus. 2. Scæ. 1.

*Eristus, Calia, Sophronia, Mellacrites, Martins.*

*Erist.* **F**aire *Calia*, thou seest of gold there is facietie, of loue there cannot.

*Cal.* If thou shouldst wish that whatsoever thou thoughtest might be loue, as *Mydas* what euer he toucht might be gold, it may be loue would bee as lothsome to thine eares, as gold is to his eyes, and make thy heart pinch with melancholie, as his guts doe with famine.

*Erist.* No sweet *Calia*, in loue there is varietie.

*Ca.* Indeed men varie in their loue.

*Erist.* They varie their loue, yet change it not.

*Ca.* Loue and change are at variance, therefore if they varie, they must change.

*Erist.* Men change the manner of their loue, not the humor: the meanes how to obtaine, not the mistresse they



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they honor. So did *Iupiter*, that could not intreat *Danae* by golden words, possesse his loue by a golden shoure, not altering his affection, but vsing art.

*Cæ.* The same *Iupiter* was an *Ægle*, a Swan, a Bull, and for euerie Saint a new shape, as men haue for euerie mistres a new shadow. If you take example of the gods, who more wanton, more wauering? if of your selues, being but men, who wil think you more constant then gods? *Eristus*, if gold could haue allured mine eies, thou knowest *Mydas* that commaundeth all thinges to bee gold, had conquered: if threats might haue feared my heart, *Mydas* being a king, might haue commaunded my affections: if loue, golde, or authoritie might haue inchaunted me, *Mydas* had obteyned by loue, golde, and authoritie, *Quorum si singula nostram flectere non poterant, potuissent omnia mentem.*

*Erist.* Ah *Celia*, if kinges saye they loue, and yet dissemble, who dare say that they dissemble, and not loue? They commaunde the affections of others yeeld, and their owne to be beleeued. My teares which haue made furrowes in my cheekes, and in mine eyes fountaines: my sighes, which haue made of my heart a furnace, and kindled in my head flames: my body that melteth by peecemeale, and my mind that pineth at an instant, may witnesse that my loue is both vnspotted, & vnspeakeable, *Quorum si singula duram flectere non poterant, deberent omnia mentem.* But soft, here commeth the Princeesse, with the rest of the Lords. *Ent. Soph.*

*Sophro.* *Mellacrites*, I cannot tell whether I should more mislike thy councell, or *Mydas* consent, but the couetous humor of you both I contemne and wonder at, being vnfit for a king, whose honor should consist in liberalitie, not greedines; and vnworthy the calling



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of *Mellacrites*, whose fame should rise by the Souldiers god, *Mars*, not by the merchants god, Gold.

*Mel.* Madam, things past cannot be recalled, but repented; and therefore are rather to be pittied than punished. It now behoueth vs how to redresse the miserable estate of our king, not to dispute of the occasion. Your highnes sees, and without grieve you cannot see, that his meat turneth to massie gold in his mouth, and his wine slideth downe his throte like liquide golde: if he touch his roabes they are turned to gold, and what is not that toucheth him, but becommeth golde?

*Erist.* I *Mellacrites*, if thy tongue had been turned to gold before thou gauest our king such counsell, *Mydas* heart had been full of ease, and thy mouth of gold.

*Mar.* If my aduise had taken place, *Mydas* that now sitteth ouer head and eares in crownes, had worn vpon his head many kings crownes, and been conquerour of the world, that now is commaunder of drosse. That greedines of *Mellacrites*, whose heart-stringes are made of *Plutus* purse-stringes, hath made *Mydas* a lumpe of earth, that should be a god on earth; and thy effeminate minde *Eristus*, whose eyes are sticht on *Calias* face, and thoughts gyude to her beautie, hath bredde in all the court such a tender wantonnes, that nothing is thought of but loue, a passion proceeding of beastly lust, and coloured with a courtlie name of loue. Thus whilest we follow the nature of things, we forget the names. Since this vnsatiabie thirst of gold, and vntemperat humor of lust crept into the kings court, Souldiers haue begged almes of Artificers, and with their helmet on their head been glad to follow a Louer with a gloue in his hatte, which so much abateth the courage of true Captaines, that they must account it more honorable, in the court

to.



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to be a coward for rich and amorous, than in a campe to be valiant, if poore and maimed. He is more fauoured that pricks his finger with his mistres needle, then hee that breakes his launce on his enemies face: and he that hath his mouth full of fair words, than he that hath his bodie full of deep scarres. If one be olde, & haue siluer haire on his beard, so he haue golden ruddocks in his bagges, he must be wise and honourable. If young and haue curled locks on his head, amorous glaunces with his eyes, smooth speeches in his mouth, euery Ladies lap shalbe his pillow, euery Ladies face his glasse, euery Ladies eare a sheath for his flatteries; only Souldiers, if they be old, must beg in their owne countries; if yong, trie the fortune of warres in another. Hee is the man, that being let bloud caries his arme in a scarfe of his mistres fauour, not he that beares his legge on a stilt for his Countries safetie.

*Soph.* Stay *Martius*, though I know loue to growe to such losenes, and hoarding to such miserie, that I maye rather grieue at both, than remedie either: yet thy animating my father to continuall armes, to conqueere crowns, hath only brought him into imminent danger of his owne head. The loue hee hath followed, I feare vnnaturall; the riches he hath got, I know vnm easurable; the warres he hath leuied, I doubt vnlawfull; hath drawn his bodie with graie haire to the graues mouth; and his minde with eating cares to desperate determinations: ambition hath but two steps, the lowest bloud; the highest enuie: both these hath my vnhappy father climbe, digging mines of gold with the liues of men, and now enuied of the whole world, is enuironed with enemies round about the world, not knowing that ambition hath one heele nayled in hell, though she stretch



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her finger to touch the heauens. I woulde the Gods would remoue this punishment, so that *Mydas* would be penitent. Let him thrust thee, *Eristus* with thy loue, into Italie, where they honour lust for a God, as the Ægyptians did dogs: thee, *Mellacrites* with thy greedines of gold, to the vtmost partes of the West, where all the guts of the earth are gold: and thee, *Martius*, that foundest but bloud and terror, into those barbarous Nations, where nothing is to be found but bloud and terror. Let Phrygia be an example of chastitie, not luste; liberalitie, not couetousnes; valor, not tyrannie. I wish not your bodies banisht, but your mindes, that my father and your king, may be our honor, and the worlds wonder. And thou *Celia*, and all you Ladies, learn this of *Sophronia*, that beautie in a minute is both a blossome and a blast: Loue, a worme which seeming to liue in the eye, dies in the hart. You be all yong, and faire, endeuer all to be wise & vertuous, that when, like roses, you shal fall from the stalke, you may be gathered & put to the still.

*Ca.* Madam, I am free from loue, and vnfortunate to be beloued.

*Erist.* To be free from loue is strange, but to thinke scorn to be beloued, monstrous.

*Soph.* *Eristus*, thy tongue doth itch to talke of loue, and my cares tingle to heare it. I charge you all, if you owe any duetie to your king, to goe presently vnto the temple of *Bacchus*, offer praise-giftes, and sacrifice, that *Mydas* may be released of his wish, or his life: this I entreate you, this *Mydas* commaunds you. I arre not with your selues, agree in one for your king, if euer you took *Mydas* for your lawful king.

*Mel.* Madam we will goe, and omit nothing that  
duty



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duety may performe, or paynes.

*Soph.* Goe speedelie, least *Mydas* die before you returne: and you *Celia* shal go with me, that with talk we may beguyle the time, and my father think of no meat.

*Cal.* I attend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scena 2.

*Licio, Petulus, Pipenetta,*

*Li.* **A** H my girle, is not this a golden world?

*Pi.* It is all one as if it were lead with mee, and yet as golden with mee as with the king, for I see it, and feele it not, he feeles it, & enioyes it not.

*Li.* Gold is but the earths garbidge, a weed bred by the sunne, the very rubbish of barren ground.

*Pet.* Tush *Licio*, thou art vnlettered, al the earth is an egge, the white, siluer, the yolk, gold.

*Li.* Why thou foole, what hen should lay that egge?

*Pi.* I warrant a Goose.

*Li.* Nay I beleue a Bull.

*Pet.* Blirt to you both, it was layd by the Sunne.

*Pi.* The Sun is rather a cock than a hen.

*Li.* Tis true girle, els how could *Titan* haue troaden *Daphne*?

*Pet.* I weep ouer both your wits, if I proue in euerie respect no difference between an egge and golde, will you not then graunt gold to be an egge?

*Pi.* Yes, but I beleue thy idle imagination wil make it an addle egge.

*Li.* Let vs heare. Proceed Doctoregge.

*Pet.* Gold wil be crackt: A common saying, a crackt crowne.

*Pi.* I thats a broken head.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* Nay then I see thou hast a broken wit.

*Li.* Wel, suppose gold wil crack.

*Pet.* So wil an eg.

*Li.* On.

*Pet.* An egge is rosted in the fire.

*Pi.* Well.

*Pet.* So is gold tried in the fire.

*Li.* Foorth.

*Pet.* An egge (as Physicions say) will make one lustie.

*Pi.* Conclude.

*Pet.* And who knowes not that gold will make one frolike?

*Li.* *Pipenetta* this is true, for it is called egge, as a thing that doth egge on, so doth gold.

*Pi.* Let vs heare all.

*Pet.* Egges potcht are for a weake stomach, & golde boyld, for a consuming bodie.

*Li.* Spoken like a Physicion.

*Pi.* Or a foole of necessitie.

*Pet.* An egge is eaten at one sup, and a portague lost at one cast.

*Li.* Gamester-like concluded.

*Pet.* Eggs make custards, and gold makes spoones to eat them.

*Pi.* A reason dowe-baked.

*Li.* O! the ouen of his wit was not throwly heated.

*Pet.* Only this ods I finde betweene mony and eggs, which makes me wonder, that being more pence in the world than eggs, that one should haue three egges for a peny, and not three pence for an egge.

*Pi.* A wonderful matter, but your wisdom is ouer-shotte in your comparison, for eggs haue chickens, gold hath none.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* Mops I pittie thee, gold hath eggs, change an angel into ten shillings, and all those peeces are the angels egges.

*Li.* He hath made a spoke, wilt thou eat an egge? but soft, here come our masters, let vs shrink aside.

*Enter Mellacrites, Martius, Eristus.*

*Mell.* A short answere, yet a sound, *Bacchus* is pithy and pitifull.

*Oracle.* In *Pactolus* go bathe thy wish, and thee,  
Thy wish the waues shal haue, and thou be free.

*Mar.* I vnderstand no Oracles, shal the water turne euery thing to gold, what then shal become of the fish: shal he be free from gold? what then shal become of vs, of his crowne, of our Countrie? I like not these riddles.

*Mel.* Thou *Martius* art so warlike, that thou wouldest cut of the wish with a sworde, not cure it with a salve: but the Gods that cangeue the desires of the heart, can as easilie withdraw the torment. Suppose *Vulcan* should so temper thy sword, that were thy heart neuer so valiant, thine arme neuer so strong, yet thy blade shoulde neuer draw bloud, wouldest not thou wish to haue a weaker hand, and a sharper edge?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Mel.* If *Mars* should answere thee thus, go bath thy sword in water, and wash thy hands in milke, and thy sword shal cleaue adamant, and thy heart answere the sharpnes of thy sword, wouldest not thou trie the conclusion?

*Mar.* What els?

*Mel.* Then let *Mydas* belecue til he haue tried, and thinke that the Gods rule as wel by geuing remedies, as graunting wishes. But *Eristus* is mum.

*Mar.* *Calia* hath sealed his mouth.

C

*Erist.*



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*Erist.* *Calia* hath sealed her face in my heart, which I am no more ashamed to confesse, than thou that *Mars* hath made a scarre in thy face *Martius*. But let vs in to the king. Sirboies you wait wel.

*Pet.* We durst not go to *Bacchus*, for if I see a grape, my head akes.

*Erist.* And if I finde a cudgell Ile make your ihoulders ake.

*Mel.* And you *Licio*, wait on your selfe.

*Li.* I cannot chuse sir, I am alwaies so neer my selfe.

*Mel.* Ile be as neere you as your skin presently.

*Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scæ. 1.

*Mydas, Mellacrites, Martius, Eristus.*

*My.* **I**N *Pactolus* go bathe thy wish and thee,  
Thy wish the waues shal haue, and thou be free.

Miserable *Mydas*, as vnaduised in thy wish, as in thy successe vnfortunat. O vnquenchable thirst of gold, which turneth mens heads to lead, and makest them blockish; their hearts to iron, and makest them couetous; their eyes to delight in the view, and makest them blinde in the vse. I that did possesse mynes of golde, could not bee contented till my minde were also a myne. Could not the treasure of *Phrygia*, nor the tributes of *Greece*, nor mountaines in the East, whose guts are gold, satisfie thy minde with gold? Ambition eateth gold, & drinketh blood; climeth so high by other mens heads, that she breaketh her owne necke. What should I doo with a world of ground, whose bodie must be content with seauen foote of earth? or why did I couet to get so manie crownes, hauing my self but one head? Those that tooke small vessells at the sea, I accompted Pyrates; and my



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my selfe that suppressed whole Fleetes, a Conquerour:  
as though robberies of *Mydas* might masque vnder the  
names of triumphs, and the traffique of other Nations  
bee called treacherie. Thou hast pampered vp thy selfe  
with slaughter, as *Diomedes* did his horte with blood; so  
vnfatiabie thy thirst, so heauie thy sword. Two bookes  
haue I alwaies carried in my bosome, calling them the  
dagger, and the sword; in which the names of all Prin-  
ces, Noblemen, and Gentlemen were dedicated to  
slaughter, or if not (which worse is) to flauerie. O my  
Lords, when I call to minde my cruelties in *Lycaonia*,  
my vsurping in *Getulia*, my oppression in *Sola*: then do  
I finde neither mercies in my conquests, nor colour for  
my waires, nor measure in my taxes. I haue written my  
lawes in blood, and made my Gods of golde; I haue  
caused the mothers wombes to bee their childrens  
tombes, cradles to swimme in blood like boates, and  
the temples of the Gods a stewes for strumpets. Haue  
not I made the sea to groane vnder the number of my  
ships: and haue they not perished, that there was not  
two left to make a number? Haue I not thrust my sub-  
iects into a Camp, like oxen into a Cart; whom hauing  
made slaues by vniust warres, I vse now as slaues for all  
warres? Haue not I entised the subiects of my neigh-  
bor Princes to destroy their natural Kings? like moaths  
that eate the cloth in which they were bred, like vipers  
that gnaue the bowels of which they were borne, and  
like woormes that consume the wood in which they  
were ingendred? To what kingdome haue not I pre-  
tended clayme? as though I had been by the Gods  
created heire apparant to the world, making euerie tri-  
fle a title; and all the territories about me, traitours to  
me. Why did I wish that all might bee gold I toucht,



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but that I thought all mens hearts would bee touched with gold, that what pollicie could not compasse, nor prowes, gold might haue commaunded, and conquered. A bridge of gold did I mean to make in that Iland where all my nauie could not make a breach. Those Ilandes did I long to touch, that I might turne them to gold, and my selfe to glorie. But vnhappy *Mydas*, who by the same meanes perisheth himself, that he thought to conquere others: being now become a shame to the world, a scorn to that petie Prince, and to thy self a consumption. A petie Prince, *Mydas*? no, a Prince protected by the Gods, by Nature, by his owne vertue, and his Subiects obedience. Haue not all treasons beene discovered by miracle, not counsell? that doo the Gods challenge. Is not the Countrie walled with hugewaues? that dooth Nature claime. Is hee not through the whole world a wonder, for wisdom and temperance? that is his owne strength. Doe not all his Subiects (like Bees) swarme to preserue the King of Bees? that their loyaltie mainteineth. My Lords, I faint both for lack of food, & want of grace. I will to the river, where if I be rid of this intollerable discaise of gold, I will next shake off that vntemperat desire of gouernment, and measure my Territories, not by the greatness of my minde, but the right of my Succession.

*Mar.* I am not a little sorrie, that because all that your Highnesse toucheth turneth to pure golde, and therefore all your Princely affections should be conuerted to drosse. Doeth your Maiestie begin to melt your owne Crowne, that should make it with other Monarchies massie? Begin you to make incloasure of of your minde, and to debate of inheritance, when the sworde proclaimes you conqueror? If your Highnes  
heart



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heart be not of kingdome prooffe, euery pelting Prince will batter it. Though you lose this garish golde, let your minde be still of Steele, and let the sharpest sword decide the right of Scepters.

*Myd.* Euerie little king is a king, and the title consisteth not in the compasse of ground, but in the right of inheritance.

*Mar.* Are not conquests good titles?

*Myd.* Conquests are great thefts.

*Mar.* If your Highnesse would be aduised by mee, then would I rob for kingdomes, and if I obteyned, faine would I see him that durste call the Conquerour a theefe.

*Myd. Martius*, thy councell hath shed as much bloud as would make another sea. Valor I cannot call it, and barbarousnesse is a worde too milde. Come *Mellacrites*, let vs goe, and come you *Eristus*, that if I obtaine mercie, of *Bacchus*, wee may offer Sacrifice to *Bacchus*. *Martius*, if you be not disposed to goe, dispose as you will of your selfe.

*Martius*. I will humbly attend on your Highnesse, as still hoping to haue my hearts desire, and you your height of honor.

*Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scæ. 2.

*Licio, Petulus, Dello, Motto.*

*Pet.* **A**H *Licio*, a bots on the Barbar, euer since I cosened him of the golden beard I haue had the toothach.

*Li.* I thinke *Motto* hath poysoned thy gumines.

*Pet.* It is a deadlie paine.

C 3

*Li.*



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*Li.* I knew a dog run mad with it.

*Pet.* I belecue it *Licio*, and thereof it is that they cal it a dogged paine. Thou knowest I haue tried all old womens medicins, and cunning mens charms, but *interim* my teeth ake.

*Enter Dello the barbers boy.*

*Del.* I am glad I haue heard the wags, to be quittance for ouer-hearing vs. We wil take the vantage, they shall finde vs quick Barbers. Ile tel *Motto* my master, and then we will haue *Quid pro quo*, a tooth for a beard.

*Exit.*

*Pet.* *Licio*, to make me merrie I pray thee go forward with the description of thy mistres: thou must beginne now at the paps.

*Li.* Indeed (*Petulus*) a good beginning for thee, for thou canst eat pappe now, because thou canst bite nothing els. But I haue not mind on those matters. If the king lose his golden wish, wee shall haue but a brasen Court, but what became of the beard, *Petulus*?

*Pet.* I haue pawnd it, for I durst not coyn it.

*Li.* What doest thou pay for the pawning?

*Pet.* Twelue pence in the pound for the moneth.

*Li.* What for the herbage?

*Pet.* It is not at herbage.

*Li.* Yes *Petulus*, if it be a beard it must be at herbadge, for a beard is a badge of haire; and a badge of haire, hairbadge.

*Enter Motto with Dello.*

*Mot.* *Dello*, thou knowest *Mydas* toucht his beard, and twas gold.

*Del.* Well.

*Mot.* That the Pages cosend me of it.

*Del.* No lie.

*Mot.* That I must be reuenged.

*Del.* In good time.

*Mot.*



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*Mot.* Thou knowest I haue taught thee the knack-  
ing of the hands, the tickling on a mans haire, like the  
tuning of a Cittern.

*Del.* True.

*Mot.* Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our  
eloquent occupation, as how sir will you be trimmed?  
wil you haue your beard like a spade, or a bodkin? a  
penthouse on your vpper lip, or an allie on your chin?  
a lowe curle on your head like a Bull, or dangling lock  
like a spaniel? your mustachoes sharp at the endes, like  
shomakers aules, or hanging down to your mouth like  
Goates flakes? your loue-locks wreathed with a silken  
twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?

*Del.* I confesse you haue taught me *Tullie de oratore*,  
the very art of trimming.

*Mot.* Wel for all this I desire no more at thy hands,  
than to keep secrete the reuenge I haue prepared for  
the Pages.

*Del.* O sir, you know I am a Barber, and cannot tittle  
tattle, I am one of those whose tongues are swelde with  
silence.

*Mot.* Indeed thou shouldst be no blab, because a bar-  
ber, therefore be secrete. Was it not a good cure *Dello*,  
to ease the toothach, and neuer touch the tooth?

*Del.* O master, he that is your patient for the tooth-  
ach, I warrant is patient of all aches.

*Mot.* I did but rub his gummes, and presentlie the  
rewme euaporated.

*Li.* *Deus bone*, is that worde come into the Barbers  
bason.

*Del.* I sir and why not? My master is a Barber and a  
Surgeon.

*Li.* In good time.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* O *Motto*, I am almost dead with the toothach, al my gummes are swollen, and my teeth stande in my head like thornes.

*Mot.* It may be that it is only the breeding of a beard, and being the first beard, you shall haue a hard trauel.

*Pet.* Old foole, doest thou thinke haire will breede in my teeth?

*Mot.* As likelic sir, for any thing I know, as on your chinne.

*Pet.* O teeth, ô torments, ô torments, ô teeth!

*Mot.* May I but touch them *Dello*, Ile teach his tong to tel a tale, what villenie it is to cosen one of a bearde, but stand not thou nigh, for it is ods when he spits, but that all his teeth flie in thy face.

*Li.* Good *Motto* geue some ease, for at thy comming in, I ouer-heard of a cure thou hadst done.

*Pet.* My teeth: I wil not haue this paine, thats certain.

*Mot.* I, so did you ouer-heare me, when you cose-ned me of a beard: but I forget all.

*Del.* My master is mild and mercifull: and mercifull, because a Barber, for when he hath the throat at command, you know hee, taketh reuenge but on a sillie haire.

*Mot.* How now *Petulus*, do they still ake?

*Pet.* I *Motto*.

*Mot.* Let me rub your gummes with this leafe.

*Pet.* Doe *Motto*, and for thy labor I wil requite thee. Out rascal, what hast thou done? al my nether teeth are lose, and wag like the keyes of a paire of virginals.

*Del.* O sir, if you wil, I wil sing to them, your mouth beeing the instrument.

*Pet.* Doe *Dello*.

*Del.* Out villen, thou bitest. I cannot tune these virginal keyes.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* They were the Iackes aboue, the keyes beneath were easie.

*Del.* A bots on your Iacks and Iawes too.

*Ly.* They were virginalls of your masters making.

*Pet.* O my teeth, good *Motto* what wil ease my paine?

*Mot.* Nothing in the world, but to let me lay a golden beard to your chinne.

*Pet.* It is at pawne.

*Mot.* You are like to fetch it out with your teeth, or goe without your teeth.

*Pet.* *Motto* withdraw thy selfe, it may be thou shalt drawe my teeth; attend my resolution. A doubtfull dispute, whether I were best to loose my golden beard, or my bone tooth? Helpe me *Lycio* to determine.

*Ly.* Your teeth ake *Petulus*, your beard doth not.

*Pet.* I but *Lycio*, if I part from my beard, my heart will ake.

*Ly.* If your tooth be hollow it must be stopt, or puld out; and stop it the Barbar wil not, without the beard.

*Pet.* My heart is hollow too, and nothing can stop it but gold.

*Ly.* Thou canst not eate meate without teeth.

*Pet.* Nor buy it without money.

*Ly.* Thou maist get more gold, if thou loose these, more teeth thou canst not.

*Pet.* I but the golden beard will last me ten yeres in porredge, and then to what vse are teeth?

*Ly.* If thou want teeth, thy tounge will catch cold.

*Pet.* Tis true, and if I lacke money my whole bodie may go naked. But *Lycio*, let the Barbar haue his beard, I will haue a deuice (by thy helpe) to get it againe, & a consenage beyond that, maugre his beard.

*Lycio.* Thats the best way, both to ease thy paines,  
D and



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and trie our wits.

*Pet.* Barber, cleuen of my teeth haue gone on a Iury, to trie whether the beard bee thine, they haue chosen my tongue for the foreman, which cryeth, guiltie.

*Mot.* Guilded, nay boy, al my beard was gold. It was not guilt, I wil not be so ouer-matcht.

*Del.* You cannot pose my master in a beard. Come to his house you shall sit vpon twentie, all his cushions are stuf with beards,

*Li.* Let him goe home with thee, ease him, and thou shalt haue thy beard.

*Mot.* I am content, but I wil haue the beard in my hand to be sure.

*Pet.* And I thy finger in my mouth to be sure of ease.

*Mot.* Agreed.

*Pet.* Dello, sing a song to the tune of my teeth doake.

*Del.* I will.

*The song.*

*Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scæ. 3.

*Sophronia, Calia, Camilla, Amerula, Suania.*

*So.* **L**adies, here must we attend the happy return of my father, but in the mean season what pastime shal we vse to passe the time? I wil agree to any, so it be not to talke of loue.

*Sua.* Then sleepe is the best exercise.

*Soph.* Why *Suania*, are you so light, that you must chat of loue; or so heauie, that you must needes sleepe? *Penelope* in the absence of her Lord beguyled the daies with spinning.

*Sua.* Indeed she spun a fair threed, if it were to make a string to the bow wherein she drew her woers.

*Soph.* Why *Suania*, it was a bow which she knew to be aboue thy strength, and therein she shewde her wit.

*Sua.*



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*Sua.* *Qui latus arguerit corneus arcus erat:* it was made of horne madam, and therein she shewde her meaning.

*Soph.* Why, doest thou not think she was chaste?

*Sua.* Yes, of all her woers.

*Soph.* To talke with thee is to lose time, not well to spend it, how say you *Amerula*, what shal we do?

*Am.* Tel tales.

*Soph.* What say you *Calia*?

*Ca* Sing.

*Soph.* What think you *Camilla*?

*Cam.* Daunce.

*Soph.* You see *Suaui*, that there are other things to keep one from idlenes; besides loue: nay that there is nothing to make idlenes, but loue.

*Sua.* Well, let mee stande by and feede mine owne thoughts with sweetenes, whilest they fil youre eyes and cares, with songs and dauncings.

*Soph.* *Amerula*, begin thy tale.

*Am.* There dwelt somtimes in Phrygia, a Lady very fair, but passing froward, as much maruelled at for beutie, as for peeuishnes misliked. Hie she was in the instep, but short in the heele; strait laced, but loose bodied. It came to passe, that a gentleman, as yong in wit as yeres, and in yeres a very boy, chanced to glaunce his eies on her, & there were they dazeled on her beutie, as larkes that are caught in the Sunne with the glittering of a glasse. In her faire lookes were his thoughts intangled, like the birdes of Canarie, that fal into a silken net. Dote he did without measure, and die he must without her loue. She on the other side, as one that knew her good, began to look askaunce, yet felt the passions of loue eating into her heart, though shee discom'led them with her eyes.



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*Sua.* Ha, ha, he.

*Soph.* Why laughest thou?

*Sua.* To see you (Madame) so tame as to be brought to heare a tale of loue, that before were so wylde you would not come to the name; and that *Amerula* could deuise how to spend the time with a tale, onely that she might not talke of loue, and now to make loue onely her tale.

*Soph.* Indeed I was ouershot in iudgement, and she in discretion. *Amerula*, another tale or none, this is too louely.

*Sua.* Nay let me heare anie woman tell a tale of x. lines long without it tend to loue, & I wil be bound neuer to come at the Court. And you *Calia* that would fain trip on your petitoes; can you perswade me to take delight to dance, & not loue? or you that cannot rule your feet, can guid your affections, hauing the one as vnstaid as the other vnsteadie: dauncing is loue sauce, therefore I dare be so sawcie, as if you loue to daunce, to say you daunce for loue. But *Camilla* she will sing, whose voice if it should vtter her thoughts, would make the tune of a hart out of tune. She that hath crochets in her head, hath also loue conceipts. I dare sweare she harpeth not onely on plaine song: & before you (*Sophronia*) none of them all vse plaine dealing; but because they see you so curious they frame themselues counterfet. For my selfe, as I knowe honest loue to bee a thing inseperable from our sex, so doo I thinke it most allowable in the Court; vnlesse we would haue all our thoughts made of Church-worke, and so carrie a holie face, and a hollow hart.

*Sophr.* Ladies, how like you *Suania* in her louing vaine?

*Cal.*



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*Cal.* We are content at this time to sooth her in her vanitie.

*Amer.* Shee casts all our mindes in the mould of her owne head, and yet erreth as farre from our meanings, as she doth from her owne modestie.

*Sua.* *Amerula*, if you were not bitter, your name had been ill bestowed: but I think it as lawfull in the Court to bee counted louing and chaste, as you in the Temple to seeme religious, and be spitefull.

*Camill.* I meruaile you will reply anie more *Amerula*, her tounge is so nimble it will neuer lye still.

*Sua.* The liker thy fcete *Camilla*, which were taught not to stand still.

*Sophronia.* So, no more Ladies: let our comming to sport not tourne to spight. Loue thou *Suaui*, if thou thinke it sweete: sing thou *Celia* for thine owne content: tell thou tales, and daunce thou *Camilla*: and so euerie one vsing hir own delight, shall haue no cause to be discontent. But here cometh *Martius* & the rest. What newes *Martius* of my Soueraigne and Father *Mydas*?

*Mart.* Madam, he no sooner bathed his lims in the riuer, but it turnde to a golden stream, the sands to fine gold, and all to gold that was cast into the water. *Mydas* dismaid at the sodaine alteration, assaied againe to touch a stone, but he could not alter the nature of the stone. Then went we with him to the Temple of *Bacchus*, where we offred a launce wreathed about with yue. Garlands of ripe grapes, and skinnes of Wolves and Panthers, and a great standing cup of the water, which so lately was turnd to golde. *Bacchus* accepted our giftes, commaunding *Mydas* to honour the Gods, and also in wishing to bee as wise, as he meant to haue



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made him fortunate.

*Soph.* Happie *Sophronia*, that hast liued to heare these newes, and happie *Mydas*, if thou liue better to gouern thy fortune. But what is become of our king?

*Mell.* *Mydas* ouerjoyed with this good fortune, determined to vse some solace in the woods; where, by chaunce we roused a great bore, he eager of the sport, outrid vs: and wee thinking hee had been come to his Pallace some other way, came our selues the next way. If he be not returned, he cannot be long: we haue also lost our pages, which we thinke are with him.

*Sophro.* The Gods shield him from all harmes: the woods are full of Tygers, and he of courage: wilde beasts make no difference between a king & a clowne; nor hunters in the heat of their pastime, feare no more the fierenes of the boare, thā the fearfulness of the hare. But I hope well, let vs in to see a'l well. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

*Apollo. Pan. Mydas. Nymphes.*

*Ap.* **P**an wilt thou contend with *Apollo*, who tunes the heauens, and makes them all hang by harmony? *Orpheus* that caused trees to moue with the sweetnes of his harp, offreth yereely homage to my lute: so doth *Arion*, that brought Dolphins to his sugred notes; and *Amphion*, that by musicke reard the walls of *Thebes*. Onely *Pan* with his harsh whistle (which makes beasts shake for feare, not men dance for ioy) seekes to compare with *Apollo*.

*Pan.* *Pan* is a God, *Apollo* is no more. Comparisons cannot bee odious, where the Dicties are equall. This pipe (my sweete pipe) was once a Nymph, a faire Nymph;



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Nymph ; once my louely Mistres, now my heauenly musick. Tell mee *Apollo*, is there anie instrument so sweete to play on, as ones Mistres? Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the strings of *Daphnes* haire ; thy tunes might haue bene compared to my noates : for then *Daphne* would haue added to thy stroake sweetnes, & to thy thoughts melodie.

*Ap.* Doth *Pan* talke of the passions of loue? of the passions of deuine loue? O, how that word *Daphne* wounds *Apollo*, pronounced by the barbrous mouth of *Pan*. I feare his breath will blaste the faire Greene, if I dazel not his eyes, that he may not behold it. Thy pipe a Nymph? some hag rather, hanting these shady groues, and desiring not thy loue, but the fellowship of such a monster. What God is *Pan* but the god of beastes, of woods, and hilles? excluded from heauen, and in earth not honoured. Breake thy pipe, or with my sweet lute will I breake thy heart. Let not loue enter into those sauage lips, a word for Ioue, for *Apollo*, for the heauenlie gods, whose thoughts are gods, & Gods are all loue.

*Pan.* *Apollo*, I tolde thee before that *Pan* was a God, I tell thee now againe, as great a god as *Apollo*, I had almost said a greater: and because thou shalt know I care not to tel my thoghts, I say a greater. *Pan* feeles the passions of loue deeply engrauen in his heart, with as faire Nymphs, with as great fortune, as *Apollo*, as *Neptune*, as *Ioue*; and better than *Pan* can none describe loue. Not *Apollo*, not *Neptune*, not *Ioue*. My Temple is in Arcadie, where they burne continuall flames to *Pan*. In Arcadie is mine Oracle, where *Erato* the Nympe geeueth aunsweres for *Pan*. In Arcadie the place of Loue, is the honour of *Pan*. I but I am God of hilles. So I am *Apollo*, and that of Hilles  
so



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so high, as I can pried into the iugling of the highest Gods. Of woods? So I am *Apollo*, of woods so thicke, that thou with thy beames canst not pierce them. I knew *Apolloes* prying, I knewe mine owne iealousie. Sunne and shadow couen one another. Be thou Sun still, the shadow is fast at thy heeles *Apollo*. I as neere to thy loue, as thou to mine. A Carter with his whistle & his whip in true eare, moues as much as *Phæbus* with his fierie chariot, and winged horses. Loue-leaues are as wel for countrie porridge, as heauenly nectar. Loue made *Iupiter* a goose, and *Neptune* a swine, and both for loue of an earthlie mistresse. What hath made *Pan*, or any God on earth (for gods on earth can change their shapes) turne themselves for an heauenly Goddesse? Beleeue me *Apollo*, our groues are pleasanter than your heauens, our Milk-maides than your Goddeses, our rude ditties to a pipe than your sonnets to a lute. Heere is flat faith *amo amas*; where you crie, *ô utinam amarent vel non amassent*. I let passe (*Apollo*) thy hard words, as calling *Pan* monster; which is as much, as to call all monsters: for *Pan* is all, *Apollo* but one. But touch thy strings, and let these Nymphs decyde.

*Ap.* Those Nymphes shall decide, vnlesse thy rude speech haue made them deafe: as for anie other answer to *Pan*, take this, that it becommeth not *Apollo* to answer *Pan*. *Pan* is all, and all is *Pan*; thou art *Pan* and all, all *Pan* and tinkerly. But to this musick, wherein all thy shame shall be seene, and all my skill.

*Enter Mydas.*

*Myd.* In the chase, I lost all my companie, and misfed the game too, I thinke *Mydas* shall in all things be vnfortunate.

*Ap.* What is he that talketh?

*Myd.*



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*Myd.* *Mydas* the vnfortunate King of *Phrygia*.

*Ap.* To be a King is next being to a God. Thy fortune is not bad : what is thy follie ?

*Myd.* To abuse a God.

*Ap.* An vngratefull part of a King. But *Mydas*, seeing by chaunce thou art come, or sent by some God of purpose ; none can in the earth better iudge of Gods, than Kings. Sit downe with these Nymphes. I am *Apollo*, this *Pan*, both Gods. We contend for souereign-  
tie in Musicke. Seeing it happens in earth, we must be iudged of those on earth ; in which there are none more worthie than Kings and Nymphes. Therefore giue care, that thy iudgement erre not.

*Myd.* If Gods you be, althogh I dare wish nothing of Gods, being so deeply wounded with wishing ; yet let my iudgement preuaile before these Nymphes, if we agree not, because I am a King.

*Pan.* There must be no condition, but iudge *Mydas*, and iudge Nymphes.

*Ap.* Then thus I begin both my song and my play.

*A song of Daphne to the Lute.*

*Nymph Erato.* O diuine *Apollo*, ô sweete consent !

*Thia.* If the God of Musicke should not be aboue our reach, who should ?

*Myd.* I like it not.

*Pan.* Now let me tune my pipes. I cannot pipe & sing, thats the ods in the instrument, not the art : but I will pipe and then sing ; and then iudge both of the art and instrument.

*He pipes, and then sings.*

*Ap.* Hast thou done *Pan* ?

*Pan.* I, and done well, as I thinke.

*Ap.* Now Nymphes, what say you ?

*Erato.* Wee all say that *Apollo* hath shewed himselfe

E.

both



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both a God, and of musicke the God; *Pan* himselfe a rude Satyre, neither keeping measure, nor time; his piping as farre out of tune, as his bodie out of forme. To thee diuine *Apollo*, wee giue the prize and reuerence.

*Ap.* But what saies *Mydas*?

*Myd.* Mee thinkes theres more sweetnesse in the pipe of *Pan*, than *Apolloes* lute; I brooke not that nice tickling of strings, that contents mee that makes one start. What a shrilnes came into mine eares out of that pipe, and what a goodly noise it made? *Apollo*, I must needes iudge that *Pan* deserueth most praile.

*Pan.* Blessed be *Mydas*, worthie to be a God: these girles, whose eares doo but itch with daintines, geue the verdict without weying the virtue; they haue been brought vp in chambers with soft musicke, not where I make the woods ring with my pipe, *Mydas*.

*Ap.* Wretched, vnworthie to bee a King, thou shalt know what it is to displease *Apollo*. I will leaue thee but the two last letters of thy name, to be thy whole name; which if thou canst not gesse, touch thine eares, they shall tell thee.

*Myd.* What hast thou done *Apollo*? the eares of an Asse vpon the head of a King?

*Ap.* And well worthie, when the dulnes of an Asse is in the eares of a King.

*Myd.* Helpe *Pan*, or *Mydas* perisheth.

*Pan.* I cannot vndoo what *Apollo* hath done; nor giue thee anie amends, vnlesse to those eares thou wilt haue added these hornes.

*Nymph.* It were verie well, that it might bee hard to iudge whether he were more Ox or Asse.

*Ap.* Farewell *Mydas*.

*Pan.*



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*Pan.* *Mydas* farewell.

2. *Nymph.* I warrant they bee daintie eares, nothing can please them but *Pans* pipe.

*Erato.* He hath the aduantage of all eares, except the mouse; for els theres none so sharpe of hearing, as the Asse. Farewell *Mydas*.

2. *Nymph.* *Mydas* farewell.

3. *Nymph.* Farewell *Mydas*.

*Exeunt.*

*Myd.* Ah *Mydas*, why was not thy whole bodie metamorphosed, that there might haue been no parte left of *Mydas*? Where shall I shrowd this shame? or how may I be restored to mine olde shape? *Apollo* is angrie: blame not *Apollo*, whom being God of musick thou didst both dislike and dishonour; preferring the barbarous noyse of *Pans* pipe, before the sweete melodie of *Apolloes* lute. If I returne to *Phrygia*, I shall bee pointed at; if liue in these woods, sauage beasts must be my cōpanions: & what other companions should *Mydas* hope for than beasts, being of all beasts himselfe the dullest? Had it not bin better for thee to haue perished by a golden death, than now to lead a beastly life? Vnfortunat in thy wish, vnwise in thy iudgmēt; first a golden foole, now a leaden asse. What wil they say in *Lesbos* (if happely these newes come to *Lesbos*?) If they come *Mydas*? yes, report flies as swift as thoughts, gathering wings in the aire, & dubling rumors by her owne running, insomuch as hauing here the eares of an asse, it wil there be told, all my haires are asses eares. Then wil this bee the by-word; Is *Mydas* that sought to bee Monarch of the world, become the mock of the world? are his goldē mynes turnd into water, as free for euery one that wil fetch, as for himself, that possessed thē by wish? Ah poore *Mydas*, are his conceits become blockish,



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his counsell vnfortunate, his iudgements vnskillfull?  
Ah foolish *Mydas*, a iust reward, for thy pride to waxe  
poore, for thy ouerweening to waxe dull, for thy am-  
bition to waxe humble, for thy crueltie to say, *Sisq̃, mi-  
ser semper, nec sis miserabilis ulli.* But I must seeke to co-  
uer my shame by arte, least beeing once discovered to  
these pettie Kings of *Mysia*, *Pisidia* and *Galatia*, they all  
ioyne to adde to mine Asses eares, of all the beasts the  
dullest, a sheepes heart, of all the beasts the fearfullest:  
and so cast lots for those Kingdomes, that I haue won  
with so manie liues, & kept with so manie enuies. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scæ. 2.

*Enter 5. shepheards Menalcas, Coryn, Celtus,  
Driapon, Amyntas.*

*Menal.* I Muse what the Nymphs ment, that so sang in  
the groues, *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath Asses eares.

*Cor.* I maruel not, for one of them plainly told me  
he had Asses eares.

*Cel.* I, but it is not safe to say it: he is a great King, &  
his hands are longer than his eares: therefore for vs that  
keep sheepe, it is wisdom enough to tell sheepe.

*Dria.* Tis true, yet since *Mydas* grew so mischeuous,  
as to blurre his diademe with blood, which should gli-  
ster with nothing but pittie; and so miserable, that hee  
made gold his god, that was framde to be his slaue, ma-  
nie broad speeches haue flowen abroad: in his owne  
Countrey they sticke not to call him Tyrant, and else  
where vsurper. They flatly say, that he eateth into o-  
ther dominions, as the sea doth into the land, not kno-  
wing, that in swallowing a poore Iland as big as *Lesbos*,  
he may cast vp three territories thrice as big as *Phrygia*:  
for



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for what the sea winneth in the marſhe, it looſeth in the ſand:

*Amint.* Take me with you, but ſpeak ſoftlie, for theſe reedes may haue eares, and heare vs.

*Men.* Suppose they haue, yet they may be without tongues, to bewray vs.

*Cor.* Nay let them haue tongues too, wee haue eyes to ſee that they haue none, and therefore if they heare, & ſpeak, they know not from whence it comes.

*Amint.* Well, then this I ſay, when a Lion doeth ſo much degenerat from Princely kind, that he wil borrow of the beaſts, I ſay he is no Lion, but a monſter; pee'd with the craftines of the fox, the crueltie of the tyger, the rauening of the wolfe, the diſſembling of Hycna, he is worthie alſo to haue the eares of an aſſe.

*Men.* He ſeekes to conquere Lesbos, and like a fooliſh gameſter, hauing a bagfull of his owne, ventures it all to winne a groat of another.

*Cor.* Hee that fiſhes for Lesbos, muſte haue ſuch a wooden net, as all the trees in Phrygia wil not ſerue to make the cod, nor all the woods in Piſidia prouide the corks.

*Driap.* Nay, he meanes to angle for it with an hook of gold, and a bait of gold, and ſo to ſtrike the fiſh with a pleaſing bait, that wil ſlide out of an open net.

*Amint.* Tuſh, tuſh, thoſe Ilanders are too ſubtil to nibble at craft, and too rich to ſwallowe treaſure: if that be his hope, he may as wel diue to the bottome of the ſea, and bring vp an Anchor of a thouſand weight, as plod with his gold to corrupt a people ſo wiſe. And beſides, a Nation (as I haue heard) ſo valiant, that are readier to ſtrike than ward.

*Cel.* More than al this *Amintas* (though we dare not



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so much as mutter it,) their king is such a one as dazeleth the cleereſt eyes with Maieſtie, daunteth the valiantest hearts with courage, and for vertue filleth all the world with wonder. If beautie goe beyond ſight, confidence aboue valour, and vertue exceed miracle, what is it to be thought, but that *Mydas* goeth to vndermine that by the ſimplicite of man, that is faſtened to a rock, by the prouidence of the gods.

*Men.* We poore commons (who taſting warre, are made to relliſh nothing but taxes) can do nothing but grieue, to ſee things vnlawful practiſed, to obtē things impoſſible. All his mines doe but gilde his combe, to make it gliſter in the warres, and cut oures that are forced to follow him in his warres.

*Cor.* Well, that muſt be borne, not blam'd, that cannot be changed: for my part, if I may enioy the fleece of my ſillie flock with quietnes, I will neuer care three flocks for his ambition.

*Men.* Let this ſuffice, we may talke too much, and being ouer-heard, be all vndone. I am ſo iealous, that me thinks the very reedes bow downe, as though they liſtned to our talke: and ſoft, I heare ſome comming, let vs in, and meet at a place more meet. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scæ. 3.

*Licio, Petulus, Minutius, Huntsman.*

*Li.* IS not hunting a tedious occupation?

*Pet.* I and troubleſome, for if you call a dog a dog, you are vndone.

*Huntſ.* You be both fooles, and beſides, baſe-minded, hunting is for kings, not peaſants. Such as you,  
are



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are vnworthie to be hounds, much lesse huntsmen, that know not when a hound is fleet, faire flewde, and well hangd, being ignorant of the deepenesse of a houndes mouth, and the sweetes.

*Min.* Why I hope fir a curre's mouth is no deeper than the sea, nor sweeter than a hony combe.

*Hunt.* Prettie cockscombe, a hound wil swallow thee as easilie, as a great pit a small pibble.

*Minu.* Indeed hunting were a pleasant sport, but the dogges make such barking, that one cannot heare the hounds crie.

*Hunt.* Ile make thee crie. If I catch thee in the forest thou shalt be leasht.

*Minu.* Whats that?

*Li.* Doest thou not vnderstand their language?

*Minu.* Not I.

*Pet.* Tis the best Calamance in the world, as easilie deciphered, as the characters in a nutmeg.

*Minu.* I pray thee speake some.

*Pet.* I will.

*Hunt.* But speake in order or Ile pay you.

*Li.* To it *Petulus*.

*Pet.* There was a boy leasht on the single, because when he was imboist, he tooke soyle.

*Li.* Whats that:

*Pet.* Why, a boy was beaten on the taile with a leathern thong, bicause when he fomde at the mouth with running, he went into the water.

*Hunt.* This is worse than fustian, mumme you were best. Hunting is an honorable pastime, and for my part, I had as leife hunt a dcere in a parke, as court a Ladie in a chamber.

*Minu.* Geue mee a pastie for a Parke, and let mee  
shake



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shake off a whole kennel of teeth for hounds, then shalt thou see a notable champing, after that will I carouse a boule of wine, and so in the stomack let the Venison take soyle.

*Li.* He hath laid the plot to be prudent, why tis pastie crust, eat enough and it will make you wise, an olde prouerb.

*Pet.* I, and eloquent, for you must tippie wine freely,  
& *fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.*

*Hunt.* *Fecere dizardum.* Leaue off these toyces, and let vs seek out *Mydas*, whom we lost in the chase.

*Pet.* Ile warrant hee hath by this started a couey of Bucks, or roused a scull of Phesants.

*Hunt.* Treason to two braue sports, hauking & hunting, thou shouldest say, start a hare, rowse the deere, spring the partridge.

*Pet.* Ile warrant that was deuised by some Country swad, that seeing a hare skip vp, which made him start, he presently said, he started the hare.

*Li.* I, and some lubber lying besides a spring, & seeing a partridge come by, said he did spring the partridge.

*Hunt.* Well, remember all this.

*Pet.* Remember all? nay then had we good memories, for there be more phrases than thou hast haire, but let me see, I pray thee whats this about thy neck?

*Hunt.* A bugle.

*Pet.* If it had stooode on thy head I should haue called it a horne. Wel, tis hard to haue ones browes imbroidered with bugle.

*Li.* But canst thou blowe it?

*Hunt.* What els?

*Min.* But not away.

*Pet.* No, twil make *Boreas* out of breath, to blow his hornes away.

*Li.*



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*Ly.* There was good blowing Ile warrant before they came there.

*Pet.* Well, tis a shrowd blow.

*Hunts.* Spare your windes in this, or Ile winde your neckes in a cord: but soft I heard my masters blaste.

*Myn.* Some haue felt it.

*Hunts.* Thy mother when such a flyblow was buzd out; but I must be gone, I perceiue *Mydas* is come. *Ex.*

*Ly.* Then let not vs tarrie, for now shal we shaue the Barbar house. The world will grow full of wyles seeing *Mydas* hath lost his golden wish.

*Myn.* I care not, my head shall dig deuises, and my tongue stanpe them; so as my mouth shall be a mynt, and my braynes a myne.

*Ly.* Then help vs to cousten the Barbar.

*Min.* The Barbar shal know euerie haire of my chin to be as good as a choakpeare for his purse.

Actus 4. Scæna 4.

*Mellacrites. Martins. Eristus.*

*Erist.* **I** Maruell what *Mydas* meaneth to bee so melancholy since his hunting.

*Mel.* It is a good word in *Mydas*, otherwise I should tearme it in another blockishnes. I cannot tell whether it bee a sowerneesse commonly incident to age, or a seuerenesse perticular to the Kings of *Phrygia*, or a suspicion cleauing to great Estates; but mee thinkes he seemeth so iealous of vs al, and becomes so ouerthwart to all others, that either I must coniecture his wits are not his owne, or his meaning verie hard to some.

*Mar.* For my part, I neither care nor wonder, I see all his expeditions for warres are laid in water: for now

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when



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when he should execute, he begins to consult; and suffers the enemies to bid vs good morrowe at our owne doores, to whom wee long since might haue giuen the last Good night in their owne beds. Hee weareth (I know not whether for warmth or wantonnes) a great *Tyara* on his head, as though his head were not heauie enough, vnlesse hee loaded it with great rolles: an attyre neuer vsed (that I could heare of) but of old women, or pelting priestes. This will make *Pisidia* wanton, *Lycaonia* stiffe, all his Territories wauering; and hee that hath coutcht so manie Kingdomes in one Crowne, wil haue his Kingdome scattered into as manie Crownes, as he possesseth Countries. I will rouse him vp, and if his eares be not Asses eares, I will make them tingle. I respect not my life, I knowe it is my duetie, and certainly I dare sweare Warre is my profession.

*Erist. Martius*, we will all ioyne: and though I haue been (as in *Phrygia* they tearme) a braue Courtier, that is, (as they expound it) a fine Louer; yet will I set both aside, Loue and Courting, and followe *Martius*: for neuer shall it bee sayd, *Bella gerant alij, semper Eristus amet.*

*Mel.* And I (*Martius*) that honored gold for a god, and accounted all other gods but lead, wil follow *Martius*, and say; *Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.*

*Mar.* My Lords, I giue you thanks, and am glad: for there are no stouter soldiers in the world, than those that are made of louers, nor anie more liberall in wars, than they that in peace haue beene couetous. Then doubt not, if courage and coyne can preuaile, but wee shall preuaile; & besides, nothing can preuaile but fortune. But here comes *Sophronia*, I wil first talk with her.

*Enter*



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*Enter Sophronia, Camilla, Amerula.*

Madame, either our King hath no eares to heare, or no care to consider, both in what state we stand beeing his subiects, and what danger he is in being our King. Dutie is not regarded, courage contemned; altogether careles of vs, and his owne safetie.

*Soph. Martius*, I mislike not thy plaine dealing : but pittie my Fathers traunce ; a traunce I must call that, where nature cannot moue, nor counsaile, nor musick, nor phisicke, nor daunger, nor death, nor all. But that which maketh me most both to sorrow and wonder, is that musick (a methridat for melancholy) should make him mad ; crying still, *Vno namq; modo Pan & Apollo nocent*. None hath accessse to him but *Motto*, as thogh melancholy were to be shau'n with a razor, not cur'd with a medicin. But stay, what noise is this in those reedes ?

*Mellac*. What sound is this ? who dares vter that he heares ?

*Soph*. I dare *Mellacrites*, the words are plaine, *Mydas* the King hath asses eares.

*Cam*. This is strange, and yet to be told the King.

*Soph*. So dare I *Camilla* : for it concerneth me in dutie, & vs all in discretion. But soft, let vs hearken better.

*The Reedes*. *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath asses eares.

*Er*. This is monstrous, & either portends some mischief to the king, or vnto the state confusion. *Mydas* of *Phrygia* hath asses ears : It is vnpossible, let vs with speed to the king to know his resolutiō, for to some oracle he must send. Til his maiesty be acquainted with this matter, wee dare not roote out the reedes ; himselfe must both heare the sound, and gesse at the reason.

*Sop*. Vnfortunate *Mydas*, that beeing so great a king, there should out of the earth spring so great a shame.



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*Martius.* It may bee that his wishing for golde, being but drosse of the world, is by all the Gods accounted foolish, and so discovered out of the earth: for, a King to thirst for golde in steede of honour, to preferre heapes of worldly coyne before triumphes in warlike Conquests, was in my minde no Princely minde.

*Mel.* Let vs not debate the cause, but seeke to prevent the snares; for in my minde it foretelleth that which woundeth my minde. Let vs in. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

*Mydas. Sophronia. Mellicrates. Martius.*

*Myd.* **S**ophronia, thou seest I am become a shame to the world, and a wonder. Mine eares glowe. Mine eares? Ah miserable *Mydas*, to haue such eares as make thy cheekes blush, thy head monstrous, and thy hart desperate? Yet in blushing I am impudent, for I walke in the streetes; in deformitie I seeme comely, for I haue left off my *Tyara*; and my heart the more heauie it is for griefe, the more hope it conceiueth of recouerie.

*Sophron.* Dread Soueraigne and louing Syre, there are nine dayes past, and therefore the wonder is past; there are manie yeares to come, and therefore a remedie to bee hoped for. Though your eares belong, yet is there roome left on your head for a diademe: though they resemble the eares of the dullest beast, yet should they not daunt the spirit of so great a King. The Gods dally with men, kings are no more: they disgrace kings, lest they shuld be thought gods: sacrifice pleaseth them,  
so



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so that if you know by the Oracle what God wrought it, you shall by humble submission, by that God be released.

*Myd. Sophronia*, I commend thy care and courage, but let me heare these reedes, that these lothsome eares may be glutted with the report, and that is as good as a remedie.

*The reedes.* *Mydas* of Phrygia hath asses eares.

*Myd.* *Mydas* of Phrygia hath asses eares? So he hath, vnhappy *Mydas*. If these reedes sing my shame so lowde, wil men whisper it softly? No, all the world alreadie rings of it: and as impossible it is to staye the rumor, as to catch the wind in a nette that bloweth in the aier; or to stop the wind of al mens mouths that breathe out aier. I will to *Apollo*, whose Oracle must be my doome, and I fear me, my dishonor, because my doom was his, if kings may disgrace gods: and gods they disgrace, when they forget their dueties.

*Mel.* What saith *Mydas*?

*Myd.* Nothing, but that *Apollo* must determine al, or *Mydas* see ruine of al. To *Apollo* wil I offer an Iuory lute for his sweet harmonie, and berries of baies as blacke as icat, for his loue *Daphne*, pure simples for his physicke, and continuall incense for his prophecying.

*Mar.* *Apollo* may discover some odde riddle, but not geue the redresse, for yet did I neuer heare that his oracles were without doubtfulness, nor his remedies without impossibilities. This superstition of yours is able to bring errors among the common sort, not ease to your discontented mind.

*My.* Dost thou not know *Martius*, that when *Bacchus* commaunded mee to bathe my selfe in *Pactolus*, thou thoughtedst it a meere mockerie, before with thine



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eyes thou sawest the remedie.

*Mar.* I, *Bacchus* gaue the wish, and therefore was like also to geue the remedie.

*My.* And who knowes whether *Apollo* gaue me these eares, and therefore may release the punishment. Wel, replie not, for I wil to Delphos: in the meane time let it be proclaimed, that if there be any so cunning, that can tell the reason of these reedes creaking, he shal haue my daughter to his wife, or if she refuse it, a Dukedome for his paines: and withal, that whosoever is so bolde as to say that *Mydas* hath asses eares, shal presently lose his.

*Soph.* Deare father then go forwards, prepare for the sacrifice, and dispose of *Sophonra* as it beste pleaseth you.

*Myd.* Come let vs in.

*Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scæna 2.

*Licio. Petulus.*

*Pe.* **W**Hat a rascall was *Motto* to cosen vs, and say there were thirtie men in a roome that would vndoe vs, and when all came to all, they were but table-men.

*Li.* I and then to geue vs an inuentorie of all his goods, only to redeeme the beard, but we will be euen with him; and Ile be forsworne but Ile be reuenged.

*Pet.* And here I vow by my conceald beard, if cuer it chaunce to be discouered to the worlde, that it maye make a pike deuant, I wil haue it so sharp poynted, that it shall stab *Motto* like a poynado.

*Li.* And I protest by these haire on my head, which are but casualties, for alas who knowes not how soone they are lost, Autumne shaues like a razor: if these locks be



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berooted against winde and weather, spring and fall, I sweare they shal not be lopped, till *Motto* by my kna-uerie be so bauld, that I may write verses on his scalpe. In witness whereof I cate this haire: now must thou *Petulus* kisse thy beard, for that was the book thou swarest by.

*Pet.* Nay I woulde I coulde come but to kisse my chinne, which is as yet the couer of my booke, but my word shall stand. Now let vs read the inuentorie, wee le share it equally.

*Li.* What els?

*Pet.* An inuentorie of all *Mottoes* moueable baddes and goods, as also of such debts as are owing him, with such household stuffe as cannot be remoued. *In primis*, in the bed-chamber, one fowl wife, & fiue smal children.

*Li.* Ile not share in that.

*Pet.* I am content, take thou all. These be his moueable baddes.

*Li.* And from me they shall be remoueables.

*Pet.* *Item* in the seruants chamber, two paire of curst queanes tongues.

*Li.* Tongs thou wouldst say.

*Pet.* Nay they pinch worse than tongs.

*Li.* They are moueables Ile warrant.

*Pet.* *Item*, one pair of hornes in the bridechamber, on the beds head.

*Li.* The beasts head, for *Motto* is stufte in the head, and these are among vn moueable goods.

*Pe.* Wel, *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, hap-pie are they whom other mens hornes do make to be-ware. *Item*, a broken pate owing me by one of the Cole house, for notching his head like a chef-boorde. Take thou that, and I geue thee al the rest of his debts.

*Pet.*



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*Pet.* *Noli me tangere*, I refuse the executorship, because I wil not meddle with his desperate debts. *Item*, an hundred shrewd turnes owing me by the Pages in the Court, because I will not trust them for trimming.

*Li.* Thats due debt.

*Pet.* Wel, because *Motto* is poore, they shalbe paid him *cum recumbentibus*. All the Pages shall enter into recognisance, but *ecce*, *Pipenetta* chaunts it.

*Enter Pipenetta singing.*

*Pipe.* Hey ho, would I were a witch, that I might be a Dutchesse.

*Pet.* I know not whether thy fortune is to be a Dutches, but sure I am thy face serues thee wel for a witch, whats the matter?

*Pipe.* The matter, marry tis proclaymde, that who soeuer can tell the cause, and the reeds song, shal either haue *Sophronia* to wife, or (if she refuse it) a Dukedome for his wisdom. Besides, whosoever saith, that *Mydas* hath asses eares, shal lose theirs.

*Li.* Ile be a Duke, I finde honor to bud in my head, and mee thinkes euerie ioynt of mine armes, from the shoulder to the little finger, saies send for the Herauld. Mine armes are all armarie, gules, fables, azure, or, vert, pur, post, pare, &c.

*Pet.* And my heart is like a harth where *Cupid* is making a fire, for *Sophronia* shalbe my wife: me thinks *Venus* and Nature stande with each of them a paire of bellows, the one cooling my lowe birth, the other kindling my loftie affections.

*Pipe.* *Apollo* wil help me because I can sing.

*Li.* *Mercurie* me, because I can lie.

*Pet.* All the Gods me, because I can lie, sing, sweare, and loue. But soft, here comes *Motto*, now shal we haue  
a fitte



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a fit time to be reuenged, if by deuise we can make him say, *Mydas* hath asses eares.

*Enter Motto.*

*Ly.* Let vs not seeme to bee angrie about the Inuentorie, and you shall see my wit to bee the hangman for his tongue.

*Pip.* Why fooles, hath a Barbar a tongue?

*Pet.* Weele make him haue a tongue, that his teeth that looke lyke a combe shall bee the cizzars to cut it off.

*Pip.* I pray let mee haue the odde endes. I feare nothing so much as to be tongue tawde.

*Ly.* Thou shalt haue all the shauings, and then a womans tongue ympt with a Barbars, will prooue a razor or a raler.

*Pet.* How now *Motto*, what all a mort?

*Mot.* I am as melancholy as a cat.

*Ly.* Melancholy? marie gup, is melancholy a word for a barbars mouth? thou shouldst say, heauie, dull, and doltish: melancholy is the creast of Courtiers armes, and now euerie base companion, beeing in his muble fubles, sayes he is melancholy.

*Petul. Motto*, thou shouldst say thou art lumpish. If thou encroach vpon our courtly tearmes, weele trouble thee: belike if thou shouldst spit often, thou wouldst call it the rewme. *Motto*, in men of reputation & credit it is the rewme; in such mechanickall mushrumpes, it is a catarre, a pose, the water euill. You were best weare a veluet patch on your temples too.

*Mot.* What a world it is to see egges forwarder than cocks? these infants are as cunning in diseases, as I that haue runne them ouer all, backward and forward. I tell you boyes, it is melancholy that now troubleth me.

G

*Del.*



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*Dell.* My master could tickle you with diseases, and that olde ones, that haue continued in his Auncestors boanes these three hundred yeres. He is the last of the familie that is left vneaten.

*Mot.* What meanst thou *Dello*?

*Pet.* He meanes you are the last of the stocke aliue, the rest the wormes haue eaten.

*Dell.* A pox of those sawcie wormes, that eate men before they be dead.

*Pet.* But tell vs *Motto*, why art thou sad?

*Mot.* Because al the Court is sad.

*Ly.* Why are they sad in Court?

*Mot.* Because the King hath a paine in his eares.

*Pet.* Belike it is the wennes.

*Mot.* It may be, for his eares are swolne verie big.

*Pet.* Ten to one *Motto* knowes of the asses eares.

*Ly.* If he know it, we shall: for it is as hard for a barbar to keepe a secrete in his mouth, as a burning coale in his hand. Thou shalt see mee wring it out by wit. *Motto*, twas told me that the King will discharge you of your office, because you cut his eare when you last trimd him.

*Mot.* Tis a lye; and yet if I had, he might wel spare an inch or two.

*Pet.* It will out, I feele him comming.

*Dell.* Master, take heed, you will blab al anone, these wags are craftie.

*Mot.* Let me alone.

*Ly.* Why *Motto*, what difference between the kings eares, and thine?

*Mot.* As much as betweene an asses eares and mine.

*Pet.* O, *Motto* is modest; to mitigate the matter, hee calls his owne eares, asses eares.

*Mot.*



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*Mot.* Nay, I meane the Kings are asses cares.

*Ly.* Treason, treason!

*Del.* I told you master, you haue made a faire hand; for now you haue made your lips cizars to cut off your cares.

*Mot.* *Perij*, vnles you pitie me, *Motto* is in a pit.

*Pe.* Nay *Motto*, treson is a worse pain than toothach.

*Ly.* Now *Motto*, thou knowest thine cares are ours to commaund.

*Mot.* Your seruants, or handmaides.

*Pet.* Then will I lead my maide by the hand.

*He pulks him by the cares.*

*Mot.* Out villen, thou wringst too hard.

*Del.* Not so hard as he bit me.

*Mot.* Thou seest boy we are both mortall. I enioye mine cares, but *durante placito*; nor thou thy finger, but *saueute dento*.

*Pet.* Yea *Motto*, hast thou Latin?

*Mot.* Alas, he that hath drawen so manie teeth, and neuer askt Latin for a tooth, is ill brought vp.

*Ly.* Well *Motto*, let vs haue the beard, without co-  
uin fraud, or delay, at one entier paiment, & thou shalt  
scape a paiment.

*Mot.* I protest by cizars, brush and combe, bason,  
ball and apron, by razor, care-pike and rubbing cloa-  
thes, and all the *tria sequuntur triaes* in our secret occu-  
pation (for you knowe it is no blabbing arte) that you  
shall haue the beard, in manner and forme following.  
Not onely the golden beard and euerie haire, (though  
it be no haire) but a dozen of beards, to stufte two do-

*Ly.* Then they be big ones. (zen of cushions.

*Del.* They be halfe a yeard broad, and a nayle, three  
quarters long, and a foote thicke; so sir shall you



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finde them stufte enough, and soft enough. All my mistres lynes that she dryes her cloathes on, are made on-ly of Mustachio stufte. And if I durst tell the truth, as lustie as I am heere, I lye vppon a bed of beards; a bots of their bristles, and they that owe them, they are harder than flockes.

*Pet.* A fine discourse: well *Motto*, we giue thee mer-cie, but we will not loose the beard. Remember nowe our Inuentorie. *Item*, wee will not let thee goe out of our hands, till we haue the beard in our hands.

*Mott.* Then followe.

*Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scæn. 3.

*Mydas. Sophronia. Mellicrates. Martins.*

*Myd.* **T**His is *Delphos*. Sacred *Apollo*, whose Ora-  
cles be all diuine, though doubtfull: aun-  
swere poore *Mydas*, and pitie him.

*Soph.* I maruell there is no answere.

*Myd.* Fond *Mydas*, how canst thou aske pitie of him  
whom thou hast so much abused; or why doost thou a-  
buse the world, both to seeme ignorant in not acknow-  
ledging an offence; and impudent, so openly to craue  
pardon. *Apollo* will not answere, but *Mydas* must not  
cease. *Apollo*, diuine *Apollo*, *Mydas* hath asses eares, yet  
let pitie sinke into thine eares, and tell when he shall be  
free from this shame, or what may mitigate his sinne?

*Mar.* Tush, *Apollo* is tuning his pipes, or at barly-  
breake with *Daphne*, or assaying on some Shepheardes  
coate, or taking measure of a serpents skinne. Were I  
*Mydas*, I would rather cut these eares off close from my  
head, than stand whimpring before such a blinde God.

*My.* Thou art barbrous not valiant. Gods must bee  
entrea-



entreated, not commanded: thou wouldst quench fire with a sword, and ad to my shame (which is more than any Prince can endure) thy rudenesse, (which is more than any sensible creature would follow.) Diuine *Apollo* what shal become of *Mydas*? Accept this lute, these berries, these simples, these tapers; if *Apollo* take any delight in musick, in *Daphne*, in phisicke, in eternitie.

*Apollo his Oracle* When *Pan Apollo* in musick shall excell,  
*Mydas* of Phrygia shall lose his Asses eares;  
*Pan* did *Apollo* in musick farre excell,  
 Therefore king *Mydas* weareth Asses eares:  
 Vnlesse he shrinke his stretching hand from *Lesbos*,  
 His eares in length, at length shal reach to *Delphos*.

*Mel.* It were good to expound these oracles, that the learned men in Phrygia were assembled, otherwise the remedie wil be as impossible to be had, as the cause to be sifted.

*Mar.* I foresaw some old saw, which should be doubtfull. Who would gad to such gods, that must be honored if they speake without sence: and the Oracle wondered at, as though it were about sence?

*Myd.* No more *Martius*, I am the learnedst in Phrygia to interpret these Oracles: and though shame hath hetherto caused me to conceale it, now I must vnfold it by necessitie. Thus destinie bringeth me, not only to be cause of all my shame, but reporter. Thou *Sophonias*, and you my Lordes, hearken; When I had bathed my self in *Pactolus*, and saw my wish to float in the waues, I wished the waues to ouerflow my bodie, so melancolie my fortune made me, so mad my follie: yet by hunting I thought to ease my heart. And comming at last to the hill *Tmolus*, I perceyued *Apollo* and *Pan* contending for excellencie in musick: among Nimphs they required also my iudgement. I (whom the losse of gold made discontent, and the possessing desperate) eyther



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dall'd with the humors of my weak brain, or deceaued by thicknes of my deaffe eares, preferd the harsh noyse of *Pans* pipe, before the sweete stroke of *Apollon's* Lute, which caused *Phæbus* in iustice (as I now confesse, and then as I sawe in anger) to set these eares on my head, that haue wroong to many teares from mine eyes. For stretching my hands to *Lesbos*, I find that all the Gods haue spurn'd at my practises, and those Ilandes scornd them. My pride the gods disdain; my pollicie men: my mines haue bin emptied by souldiers, my souldiers spoyled by warres, my wars without successe, because vsurping, my vsurping without end, because my ambition aboue measure. I wil therfore yeeld my self to *Bacchus*, and acknowledge my wish to be vanitie. to *Apollo*, and confesse my iudgement to be foolish: to *Mars*, and say my warres are vniust: to *Diana*, and tell my affection hath been vnnaturall. And I doubt not, what a God hath done to make me know my selfe, al the gods wil help to vndo, that I may come to my selfe.

*Soph.* Is it possible that *Mydas* should be so ouershot in iudgement? Vnhappy *Mydas*, whose wits melt with his gold, and whose gold is consumed with his wits.

*Myd.* What talketh *Sophronia* to her selfe?

*Soph.* Nothing, but that since *Mydas* hath confessed his fault to vs, he also acknowledge it to *Apollo*.

*Myd.* I wil *Sophronia*. Sacred *Apollo*, things passed cannot be recalled, repented they may be: behold, *Mydas* not only submitting himselfe to punishment, but confessing his peeuishnes, being glad for shame to call that peeuishnes, which indeed was follie. Whatsoeuer *Apollo* shal commaund, *Mydas* will execute.

*Apollo.* Then attend *Mydas*. I accept thy submission, and sacrifice, so as yerelie at this temple thou offer Sa-  
cri-



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crifice in submission: withal, take *Apollo's* counsell, which if thou scorne, thou shalt finde thy destinie. I will not speake in riddles, all shalbe plaine, because thou art dull, but all certaine, if thou be obstinate.

Weigh not in one ballance gold and iustice.  
With one hand wage not war and peace.  
Let thy head be glad of one Crowne.  
And take care to keep one frend.  
The frend that thou wouldst make thy foe.  
The kingdome thou wouldst make the world  
The hand that thou doest arme with force.  
The gold that thou doest think a god  
Shall conquere, fall, shrinke short, be common:  
With force, with pride, with feare, with traffick.  
If this thou like, shake off an Asses cares:  
If not, for euer shake an Asses cares.  
*Apollo* will not reply.

*Myd.* It may be *Sophronia*, that neither you, nor anie els, vnderstand *Apollo*, because none of you haue the hart of a king: but my thoughts expound my fortunes, and my fortunes hang vpon my thoughts. That great *Apollo*, that ioynd to my head Asses cares, hath put into my heart a Lions minde. I see that by obscure shadows, which you cannot discerne in fresh colours. *Apollo* in the depth of his darke answere, is to mee the glistering of a bright funne. I perceiue (and yet not too late) that *Lesbos* wil not be touched by gold, by force it cannot: that the Gods haue pitched it out of the world, as not to bee controlde by any in the world. Though my hande bee golde, yet I must not thinke to span ouer the maine Ocean. Though my souldiers be valiant, I must not therefore thinke my quarrels iust. There is no way to nayle the crowne of *Phrygia* fast to my daughters head, but in letting the crownes of others sitte in quiet on theirs.

*Mar.*



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*Mar. Mydas?*

*Myd.* How darest thou replie seeing me resolved? thy counsell hath spilt more bloud than all my souldiers lances, let none be so hardie as to looke to crosse me. Sacred Appollo; it sacrifice yerely at thy temple, and submission hourelly in mine owne Court, if fulfilling thy counsell, and correcting my councellors, may shake off these Asses eares, I heere before thee vow to shake off al enuies abroad, and at home all tyrannie.

*The eares fall off.*

*Soph.* Honored be *Appollo*, *Mydas* is restored.

*Myd.* Fortunate *Mydas*, that feelst thy head lightened of dul eares, and thy heart of deadly sorows. Come my Lords, let vs repaire to our Palace, in which *Appollo* shall haue a stately statue erected: euery month will we solemnize there a feast, and here euery yere a sacrifice. Phrygia shalbe gouerned by Gods, not men, leaste the Gods make beasts of men. So my counsell of warre shal not make conquests in their owne conceiptes, nor my councellers in peace make me poor, to enrich themselves. So blessed be *Appollo*, quiet be Lesbos, happie be *Mydas*: and to begin this solemnitie, let vs sing to *Appollo*, for, so much as Musick, nothing can content *Appollo*.

They sing all.

*Excunt.*

F I N I S.



